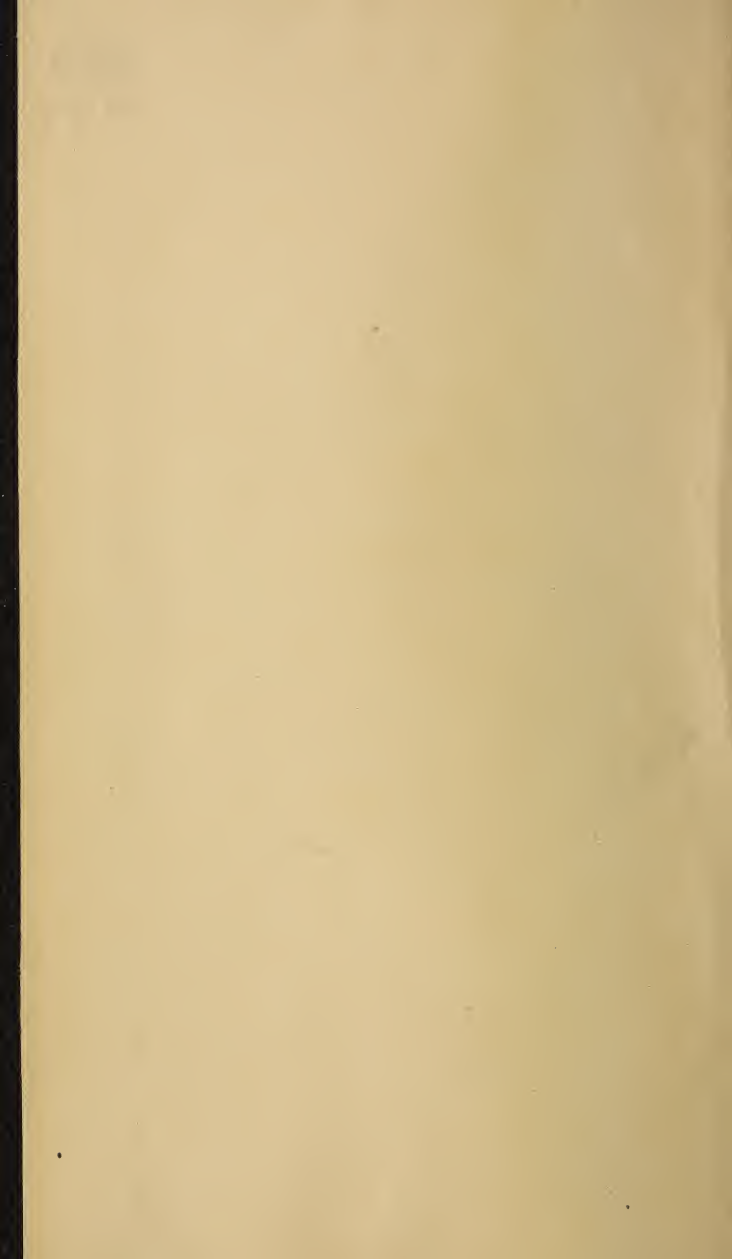


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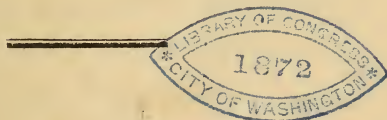
SONNETS

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

MARIANN DARK.

||



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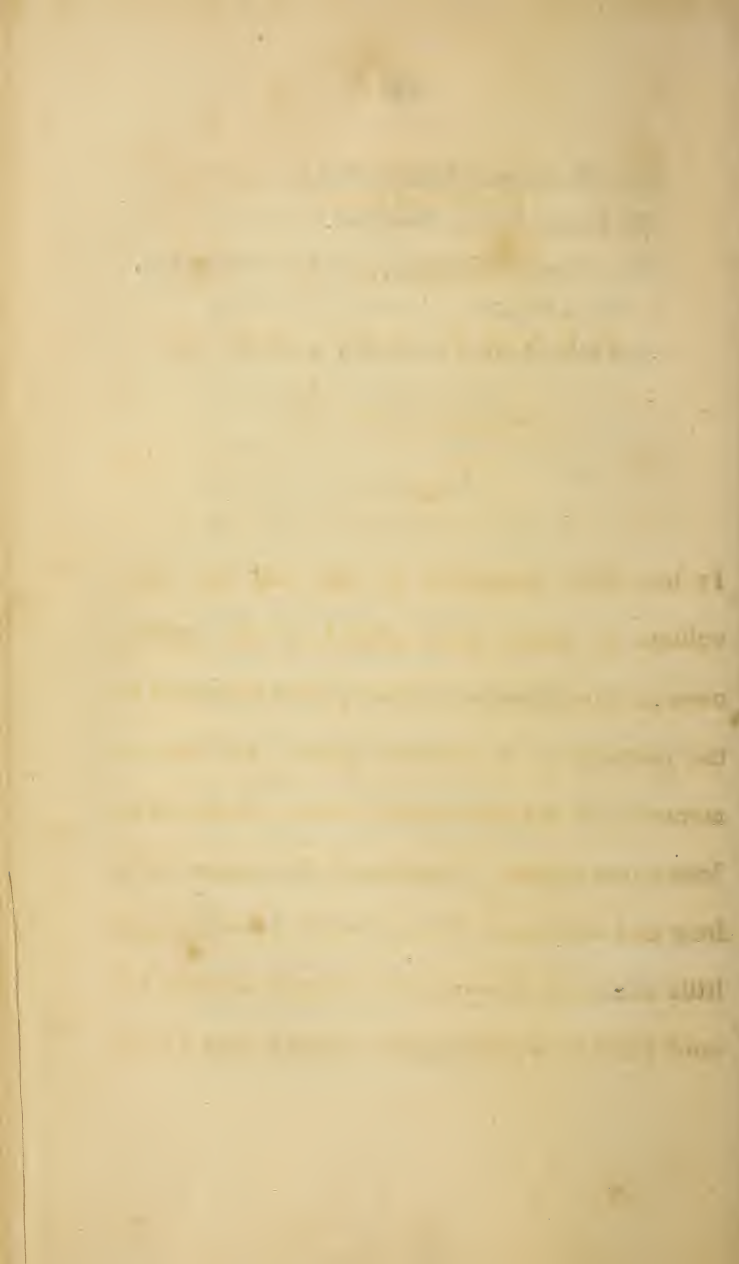
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BRIEF MEMOIR
OF THE LATE
HENRY STILES,
OF WHITLEY, IN WILTSHIRE.

IT has been suggested to me, that the little volume of poems now offered to the public, owes its chief interest to those pieces dedicated to the memory of a beloved father; and that a memorial of his life would increase, rather than lessen that interest. But during the course of a long and well-spent life, in which adversity had little share, so few events occurred worthy record (that is, worthy public record), that I shall

confine myself to a few remarks on that spirit of piety which in him shone in all its beauty; on those religious feelings, and that unaffected sensibility which so particularly marked his character. I shall pass over his humanity, hospitality, and integrity, although these were generally known and acknowledged. His servants grew gray in his service; the child, the father, and the grand-father, progressively attended him; and two generations of one family assisted to bear him to the grave. Religion in him wore its loveliest dress; and the eye, when intently raised, as if communing with the Omnipotent, seemed expressive of its most pure and delightful feelings. At those hours (and how often have I witnessed them), the tears profusely stray-

ing over his venerable face, the strong emotion depicted there; his hair of unmingled white; the mildness of his voice, and the sanctity of his countenance, irresistibly presented to the mind the idea that it was contemplating a patriarch of old. The Gospel was his delight and his comfort; nor could its ministers have mentioned a single text to him, without finding him intimately acquainted with its context. I do not mean to say that he could have repeated every chapter throughout the Bible, but I can with truth assert, that if any chapter were mentioned, he always recollected, and perfectly understood, the duties it enjoined, or the events it recorded; and, though nearly seventy-two years of age, his memory was unimpaired. In the delightful

evenings of domestic intercourse, it was interesting to hear him talk of events which had happened half a century before: he would cheerfully exert himself to amuse; and dwell with the most animated pleasure on the scenes of his youth. Sometimes he would suddenly recollect the death of a friend; then his father—his mother!—the tear was gathering!—"My old school-fellows too are all gone; my brothers and sisters also! I have outlived them all!" His voice faltered, and the falling tear spoke his emotion. After a momentary and impressive pause, he would turn with affection and serenity to my mother and his children, and add, "I shall soon follow them; remember, I particularly wish to be buried in Bremhill church-yard; to be

carried to the grave by my own servants; and if you should erect a stone to the memory of your father, let these words be engraved on it: "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death; and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us!" There was something even sublime in his manner; particularly in that calmness with which he spoke of death and eternity; and his evening almost always closed with one of his favourite psalms. He hailed with delight the morning of the Sabbath; was a constant and devout attendant at his church; and wished, in the benevolence of his heart, that all people were within its pale. He believed that its doctrines were essentially scriptural; and as those doctrines had given peace to his heart, he

hoped he had meditated on them with a right spirit; and most sincerely did he wish that every one would study them with that lowliness and humility of mind which would insure them the accompanying blessing of the Almighty. As he earnestly sought the favour of his Creator, I think I may say, without presumption, he greatly obtained it; for he was blessed in his health, in his friends, in seeing his children's children grow up around him, (who treated him with the utmost reverence, and approached him with undissembled affection) and in the smiles of prosperity; prosperity which he never abused. He thought himself particularly happy that he could place unbounded confidence in his minister, whom he regarded with heart-felt esteem, whom

he heard with deep interest, and from whose church he never strayed. I think I may add, this minister returned his esteem and regard, as did also two or three of his predecessors, whom he progressively attended, and whose respect he was fortunate enough to engage. It was his custom after he returned from attending divine service, so to recollect the discourse he had listened to with such deep attention, that he often repeated half, nay sometimes more than half, the sermon: neither would it derogate the least from the manner of the most impressive minister, to say, that the detached parts he recollected lost nothing by the repetition; of this there are many witnesses. In the evening of the Sabbath, he sometimes read aloud from the Bible; but he

never could accomplish many chapters following, for his emotion invariably choaked his utterance, and his tears fell on the book he so highly valued.

But why should I dwell longer on these circumstances, so impressed as they are on my memory ; so dear to my heart? I mean not to draw a perfect character, for doubtless he had the faults of human nature, but vice coloured not with its gloom a single action ; and certainly religion never looked more lovely than in him. After having mentioned one circumstance which has induced me more than any thing to appear before the public, I shall close this memoir with a short account of his death.

I had composed during four years many short poems unknown to any one, and which

I had concealed with much care till accident discovered them to my father. It was very natural that he should be pleased ; but when he afterwards continually urged me to suffer him to request the opinion of the Rev. W. L. Bowles (his minister) respecting these poems, I never could accede to his wishes. He thought Mr. Bowles would interest himself about them, but I could never indulge the hope that their merits entitled them to this honour. When I had lost the adviser, I more highly prized the advice, and six months after his death, I gained sufficient courage (though it was a most serious undertaking for me) to send an anonymous sonnet to the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and another to the Rev. W. L. Bowles ; they were favourably received, their author discovered,

and that encouragement given which has induced me at length to print a few of those poems which my father so much wished to have seen published, and which my timidity had hitherto prevented.

I must now relate the distressing narrative of my venerated father's death. I never remember his spending a day in more harmony than the 6th of January, 1817: it seemed, alas! as though he had convened all his relatives to take their last leave of him, for on that day, although past seventy years of age, he rode out the whole morning, accompanied by many of his friends: passed the evening with the mild cheerfulness which always distinguished him; and a little beyond his usual hour, entreating his

friends to excuse him, and my brother to supply his place, he retired to bed, leaving the whole party pleased with his unaffected and social kindness; and remarking on his venerable age, and excellent health. On Tuesday he walked many miles, and on Wednesday morning he left his home, *perfectly well*, and with that smile on his countenance so indicative of a conscience void of offence. It remained there in death. His family, after spending a night of unutterable anxiety, received the next morning the breathless corpse of this most beloved and affectionate father. Death is always awful, but in such circumstances, it comes indeed with all its terrors. There can be but little doubt as to the cause of his sudden demise, as many of his family had

expired in the same awful manner by apoplexy ; and he was always thought to have a tendency to this disease. Though he had fallen from his horse, he had no bruise, or the slightest mark whatever ; and if an artist had wished to have represented reposing Peace, he could not possibly have selected a countenance more appropriate. It was so very like the sleep of life, that we could with difficulty be convinced it was indeed the sleep of death ; and seven days after his decease, when he was taken for ever from us, the colour remained as unvaried on his cheek, the serene and holy calmness of his countenance appeared as beautiful, as at the first moment ; and this was the inestimable blessing which mingled with the bitterness of our sorrow, and meliorated

its poignancy. The poem on this melancholy event, which will be found in the following pages, requires perhaps some little explanation. That the reader may properly understand some of its allusions, it is necessary for me to add here, that my father's corpse was found in a pool of water; but the serenity of his countenance when discovered, gave rise to a hope (which his family still fondly cherishes) that he was not actually drowned. It is probable that his horse stooped to drink of the pool, and that my father, being ill, instantly fell, and expired. Many circumstances corroborate this supposition, particularly his having once before suffered from an apoplectic seizure; but, alas! after the most earnest scrutiny, much doubt remains as to the

cause of his sudden death, and those only who have had a similar affliction, can understand the feelings of a family on such a distressing occasion. On the 16th of January, 1817, his remains were deposited in a vault in the church-yard of that church he had for fifty years constantly attended, and the minister he had so much respected, performed, with feelings of sympathy, the last solemn obsequies. On the following Sunday the Rev. W. L. Bowles delivered a funeral sermon to an attentive and mourning audience; and as this tribute of respect was unexpected, it was the more pleasing: the family of the deceased will long retain a grateful sense of his kindness. With his usual characteristic elegance of composition, this gentleman composed the fol-

lowing affecting lines, expressive of his esteem and with these lines, by his permission, I shall close this brief memoir.



ON THE DEATH OF MR. HENRY STILES,

MANY YEARS A CONSTANT ATTENDANT ON THE WORD OF GOD,
IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF BREMHILL, WILTS.

While mute affection bends beside thy bier,
Oh! let the Pastor join his own sad tear;
Who learnt a lesson every sabbath day
From thy mild aspect and thy locks of gray.
When fortune came, nor avarice, nor pride,
Lur'd from the paths of peace thy feet aside,
That life's low vale still unambitious trod;
Thy spirit own'd its home alone with God.
If aught from heav'n thy ardent hope could steal,
It was the joy that tenderest fathers feel.

Thine was the humble, holy mind, in wealth,
 In pain, or ease, in sickness, and in health ;
 Thine was true faith;—not that which, loud and vain,
 Professes Jesus, with the heart of Cain ;
 Nor that which cheats the wav'ring, wand'ring mind,
 For ever seeking what it ne'er can find ;
 But faith compos'd, and silent, and sincere,
 Warming the heart, illumining the tear ;
 And cheering unfelt age from year to year.

Though awful was th' event that bore thee hence,
 Awful and e'en appalling to the sense,
 Know, Christian, while thy own fleet hour goes by,
 HE DIES TO GOD, WHO LIVES PREPAR'D TO DIE!

W. L. B.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION

TO THE

MEMORY OF A BELOVED FATHER.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING A FAVOURITE PLACE OF
RESIDENCE.

YES ! we have parted ;—and I trace no more
The glens mine infant steps oft travers'd o'er :
Yes ! we have parted ;—Whitley, dearest, see,
Ev'n at thy very name, I bend the knee.
How dear thy rising hills ! thy vales how dear !
Accept—accept again the starting tear !
Fain would remembrance trace the halcyon days
When first I hymn'd the great Creator's praise ;

Taught by my Sire, I lisp'd a Saviour's name,
 And from that Sire imbib'd devotion's flame ;
 Corrected gently, when I'd done amiss ;
 Yet not denied each eve, affection's kiss.
 Oft, when his eyes were mildly turn'd on high,
 I upward gaz'd, and wept, scarce knowing why ;
 At mine own tears abash'd, I hid my face,
 But all his chiding was a fond embrace.
 Time hath matur'd those feelings; childhood's song
 Was softly caroll'd these sweet vales among;
 Keener perceptions rose : my Father's hair,
 Whiten'd by age, oft, oft call'd forth a tear !
 And, as his eye a milder look acquir'd,
 Its beams of tenderness my fancy fir'd.
 Oft as the minstrel gaz'd upon her Sire,
 His humid eye, fed her poetic fire ;

And as the wind disturb'd his silver hair,
 Still, still her pensive lays were echoing near.
 Once, Whitley ! once I left thee ; love appear'd,
 And lur'd me from thy vales, by peace endear'd !
 But, ah ! the parting tear was scarcely dried,
 Ere the decree went forth, and * * * * * died !
 Hours gone for ever !—Sacred moments tell,
 How was his child employ'd when Henry fell ?
 Slept then her love, which should have wak'd to
 save ?
 Nerveless her arm when rose the cruel wave ?*
 And must that Sire, to others ever kind,
 In death no duteous child to soothe him find ?
 Alone—o'erwhelm'd by waters, then he pass'd
 The awful Jordan, death's abyss at last.

* See Memoir.

Was there no tender wife to close his eye,
 No child to echo back his parting sigh ?
 Forgive—forgive, just Heav’n, if I repine,
 That this last soothing office was not mine.
 Oh ! of his parting words, I fondly dream,
 Of pitying angels, hov’ring o’er the stream,
 Of whisperings sad, yet sweet ; of hope’s mild
 pray’r ;
 Of eyes bedew’d with piety’s soft tear ;
 Mingled anon with sighs of fond regret,
 “ Save me my children ”—angels might have wept.
 Hark ! in my ears resound a parting groan,
 Waves dash—winds whistle—and the rushes
 moan.
 Oh ! where is that bland look which, yester-eve,
 Could to thy children—so much pleasure give ?

And where that cheerful smile, yet wont to trace
Its own resemblance in each grandchild's face?

Gone—gone for ever! o'er thy sacred head

Flow hostile waves,—a lake thy dying bed;

(Yet, no! though floating on thy wat'ry bier

Remembrance paints thy cheek—the smile is
there)

Steep'd in the briny flood thy locks of grey—

Why was thy child alas! far, far away!

Sad were her notes,—prophetic was her lyre,

But ah! she sav'd not,—could not save her
Sire!

The full of days had run his destin'd course,

Death sign'd the warrant with avengeful force.

Again three moons have slowly roll'd away,

Again the minstrel tunes her pensive lay,

For oft the morning's prime, and eve's mild hour,
 Have mark'd her weeping o'er each budding
 flow'r;

Gay spring return'd, and Whitley charm'd again,
 The full of days was lost,—its charms were vain!
 And can the child who oft had sung its praise,
 And caroll'd in its glens her earliest lays;
 Can she who first receiv'd a parent's kiss,
 Drew her first breath amid its scenes of bliss,
 Here lisp'd her infant-accents, climb'd his knee,
 Who studious taught—Religion! love of thee!
 Can she restrain the heaving sigh—the tear,
 Which fain would tell thee, Whitley! thou art
 dear!

Oft when the morning dews were sparkling bright,
 Her heart expanded with a vague delight;

(Hail feelings undefinable—the germs
 Of promis'd fruits, the eye of God discerns)
 Oft-times, at eventide, she stray'd along
 The winding brook, to hear the shepherd's song ;
 And oft would listen in the greenwood shade
 To fairy sounds, her pensive fancy made,
 By other ears unheard !—its infant sound,
 No rocks or caverns vast did ere rebound ;
 Yet oft it stole—stole faintly o'er the ground. }
 Hush !—from her harp a note so sad arose,
 That tears, fast-falling, mark'd its dying close ;
 The hills, the plains, and every wooded dell,
 Were hush'd in silence, as she sigh'd farewell !
 Ah ! must the minstrel leave her native home ;
 For peace—lost peace, to other mansions roam ?

Orphan'd and widow'd, must she shelter find
Beneath another roof, and leave these vales behind?
Yes ! but when eve marks yon bright orb's decline,
Silent she kneels at soft affection's shrine :
And if she roam to scenes far—far away,
And still with sorrow pass life's ling'ring day ;
Or if kind heav'n, unhop'd for bliss bestow,
And chase with sunny smiles the frowns of woe,
Each blushing morn of Whitley's charms she'll tell,
And ev'ry eve shall echo—Oh farewell !

LINES,

WRITTEN AT AN EARLY AGE, ON A FAVOURITE
PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

Sweet scene of all mine infant happy years,
So often hail'd with baby smiles and tears ;
With other thoughts and sadness on my brow,
Home of departed joys, I hail thee now !
'Tis evening calm : the sun in glory bright,
As if to make more drear the coming night,
Its parting rays of radiant glory sheds,
Where crystal waters glide o'er pebbly beds.
As here I muse, the variegated scene,
The blue etherial, and the pastures green,

The distant town—those woods—the rising hill,
 And the soft lapse of yon pellucid rill;
 The shepherd's pipe: the blithesome carol clear,
 Awake thee, Nature, ever-lovely here!
 Bremhill! thy slopes shall first inspire the lay,
 Whose tow'r yet shines in eve's departing ray;
 Hail to thy lowly cots—that ancient tow'r;
 Thy humble church-yard, and thy past'ral bow'r;
 Adorn'd with rural beauties, still thou art
 Delightful to mine eye—dear to my heart.
 Duly as Bremhill's bells swell on the air,
 I walk, with heart subdu'd, to worship there;
 And oft-times, when the sun at eve goes down,
 Return to worship Nature's God alone.
 Next thee, Bowood, lord of the scene I hail,
 Majestically rising o'er the vale;

Yet many a straggling cottage fair I see,
 Between sweet Bremhill's fertile vale and thee;
 I see thy woods in solemn grandeur spread,
 Thy dark green lake, thy stream's romantic bed.
 Here from their source the foaming waters leap,
 Dash o'er the rocks, and down the cataracts steep;
 The tangled shrub-work, and th' impending tree,
 The rushing waters struggling to be free,
 The sound ne'er ceasing; on the winding stream
 The tranquil tints of eve, yes, lovelier gleam!
 But, lo, the mansion! there one sun-beam plays,
 And on the line of windows ling'ring strays:
 Why trembles in mine eye the starting tear?
 Bowood! I hail thy mausoleum near!
 The living structure proudly rears its head—
 Amid yon sombre woods the burial bed,

Shrouds worth, departed worth; the tear will fall—
 But hark ! the bell resounds from yonder hall,
 Making sweet music. Penhills next appears,
 And decks the cheek with smiles, yet wet with
 tears.

In clust'rous heaps appear the waving trees,
 Gracefully bending with the swelling breeze,
 The fields are cloth'd in nature's verdant dress,
 And animate the heart with tenderness ;
 One corner of the dwelling meets the view,
 Peeping thro' trees of dark and sombre hue ;
 Yet desolation marks thee, Penhills,* now !
 Thou seem'st th' abode of silence and of woe.
 Ah ! did he own thee—He, whose gen'rous breast
 Never the lowly and the poor oppress'd.

* When this poem was written Penhills was uninhabited.

The Lord of yon domain—thou would'st not
fall,

But cheerful voices echo in thine hall.

Bowood's lov'd lord ! the grateful peasant cries,

Bowood's lov'd lady ! ev'ry tongue replies.

The haughty look before his smile will fly,

And condescension bland salutes the eye ;

She—rich in female grace, attractive, mild,

In palaces or cots still virtue's child ;

Start not ye thoughtless comets of a day,

That idly blaze awhile, then pass away,

The picture's just.—A marchioness behold,

Shielding the poor from hunger, thirst, and
cold ;

To kiss the lip of infancy she'll bend,

Her purse to humble worth, will bounteous lend ;

In converse sweet oft-times she will beguile
 The widow's woe,* and bid the orphan smile ;
 And with her lord, is wont, each sabbath day,
 In Caunna's church, religion's vows to pay.
 They tread the path their great forefathers trod,
 And hand in hand approach their gracious God.
 May peace celestial give their hearts repose,
 And health attend a late autumnal close ;
 May summer gales around them ever play,
 And all rude storms, be chas'd, like chaff, away.
 As when Loch Lomond's lake is still, serene,
 Reflecting in its face the beauteous scene,
 The breeze is hush'd, the moon in splendor bright,
 Shines on its surface, in the calm of night ;

* These lines were suggested by the commendation of a poor blind widow, who spoke of the Marchioness of Lansdowne's goodness with much gratitude.

So calm, Oh ! Heav'n, may they be ever seen,
 Exalted as the moon, and as the lake serene.
 Yon central town salutes the attentive eye,
 Its windows glitt'ring, and its tow'r so high ;
 The music of the bells, borne on the air,
 Proclaims a merry festival is there ;
 The jocund peal, the distant hills repeat,
 Then o'er the vale it echos passing sweet :
 Laughing and joyful, free from ev'ry care,
 Thee, Caunna,* thee I hail, to mem'ry dear !
 In parallel exact to Whitley's bow'r,
 Proudly exalted is thy lofty tow'r !
 Behind, the hills of Calstone meet the ken,
 Casting a sombre grandeur o'er the glen,

* The ancient name of Calne.

Bounding the prospect to th' enquiring eye,
 And the luxuriant vallies shading nigh.
 Caunna ! accept this lowly lay from me,
 For relatives I love inhabit thee.
 A sister ! and a sister's heart alone,
 Can judge the feelings that invigorate one.
 A brother, too, who vow'd with latest breath,
 To love in health,—to cheer the bed of death.
 And closer now the tie of bliss to bind,
 To call forth all the energies of mind,
 In either parents' breast, a babe appears,
 That dews the cheek with April's smiles and tears.
 For rapture in the soul will oft arise,
 And animate with joy the speaking eyes ;
 Although a trem'lous sigh may 'scape the heart,
 As reason whispers—soon, too soon we part !

But onward, as through luscious meads I
 roam,

Three rural objects lure the wand'rer home :

Lickhill, and Beversbrook, and Pen appear,

And noisy rooks from each assail my ear ;

Behind, the rick-yards boast the well-stack'd
 hay,

Stor'd against Winter's cold and cheerless day.

Here cows in richest pastures we behold ;

Here, too, the guarding dog, and crowded
 fold.

Delightful objects to the humble mind,

That peace in past'ral scenes can ever find.

The Cherill hills, far to the left extending,

Where snow-white flocks of fleecy sheep are
 wending,

High rising, grace the scene, whose summit
bears

A gay white horse* that changes not with years,
That, like some dazzling female, draws the gaze,
And, for its beauty, claims its share of praise.

Tan-hill! thy lonely hut afar I ken,

Thy green-clad summit, and beneath thy glen.

Borne o'er the vales e'en now methinks I hear

The noisy tumult of thine annual fair.

Beneath, dark Compton's woods are waving high,

That shade the mansion from the curious eye.

But lo, the Highway cliffs! high beetling seen,

Like pointed rocks that wash'd by sea had been,

* In passing through Wiltshire, the attention of the traveller is generally attracted by the appearance of a horse, cut in a chalk hill at Cherill. Its symmetry is much admired, and, from its elevated situation, it is to be seen at a great distance.

They white appear ; as though the foamy spume
 From some wild stream, which lofty crags inhume,
 Clung to their ragged sides ;—a contrast seen,
 Sweet home, to thee ! where nature smiles serene.
 Her handmaid, Innocence, for ever near,
 And tranquil peace, and calm content are here.
 All language fails ; affection, mute is hung
 Over the silent harp, so trem'lous strung ;
 When my heart swell'd with love, and would impart
 The throb of gratitude that warm'd that heart !
 Would, with the energy of love, exclaim,
 My father !—mother !—Oh ! it swell'd in vain ;
 The warm extatic feelings of the soul
 Then, like a tempest, thrill'd beyond controul.
 But when I thought on past, on happy years,
 Remembrance chas'd the smile, and rising tears

Reliev'd my bursting heart. Like some fair
dream,

The fleeting pleasures of our childhood seem.

Fancy, with all her train of bliss, or woe,

Arose : her potent influence bade me know ;

First pointed to my parent's silver hairs,

And threw around me all her gloomy cares ;

And then she pictur'd in array most dread,

Whitley ; her halls forlorn, her children dead !

But, tir'd of torment, she would then be kind,

And tranquillize, with soothing hope, my mind ;

Would bid me present good, content, enjoy,

Nor search for happiness without alloy ;

Would other scenes of bliss to me impart,

Bid other feelings animate my heart.

Yes, Whitley ! thou art dear, most dear to me,

And gratitude shall bind me firm to thee.

At her blest shrine I will for ever kneel,
 And fancy from her fane new fires shall steal.
 May all thy future lords be rich in wealth !
 (That ne'er will canker), virtue ! peace ! and
 health !

Whitley, nor high, nor low, thy childrens' birth,
 Thy present lord * is rich, yes ! rich in worth.

Sweet home of infancy ; oh ! ever prove
 The guardian of domestic peace and love.

At Judgment, when the dreadful trump shall
 sound,

Oh ! may thy children with their sire be found ;
 Then may the great Atoner bid us rise,
 And give to him, the Lamb, unbounded sacrifice.

* My father, who died many years after this poem was written,

SONNETS.

SONNETS.



SONNET I.

WRITTEN IN BREMHILL CHURCH-YARD.

Here, when the throb that animates my heart,
When the quick pulse of life shall haply cease,
When I from all I love on earth shall part,
Here may I calmly rest—repose in peace!
For this my wish; no other place so dear;
And here on hopes of heav'n I've learn't to dwell,
Here Bowles's voice hath taught my soul to fear
No more the narrow, dark, and loathsome cell.

Here too, the sweet retirement I adore,
 And all the relatives I love are near ;
 A requiem o'er my grave some bard may pour,
 And thou, best friend! bedew it with a tear.
 Oh! grant me, heav'n, this short but fervent pray'r,
 Guide me to thee! and peaceful lay me here.



SONNET II.

TO MELANCHOLY.

Genius of poesy ! Misfortune's child,
 That contemplat'st the world with pensive air,
 And lov'st to shun its haunts, and sojourn
 here
 With me, in solitude's romantic wild.

Why do I love thee, Melancholy ! say?

Is it because thou oft hast sooth'd my soul,

And can'st my fitful passions all controul.

When we together 'mongst the dark woods stray,

And silent mark the awful close of day?

Yes, yes, I love thee, syren ; thou'rt my own !

With thee I muse on days long since gone by ;

With thee I contemplate eternity.

And shudder, as in fancy's ear the groan

Of the autumnal winds seems an unearthly moan.

SONNET III.

TO MY FATHER: COMPOSED AT BRADLEY.

My father! will thy smile ere glad my heart
 Again at Whitley's vale? shall I ere trace
 The placid lineaments of thy mild face?
 Oh! shall we meet again, no more to part
 Till death shall claim us? Should I leave thee
 first,
 (Oh! my poor heart is breaking) lay my bones
 'Neath a low sod, where thy lov'd pastor comes
 To preach Christ's doctrine: let no pageant hearse
 Ever contain them; the pomp alone I claim
 Is a few heart-felt sighs from kindred dear;
 And may'st thou oft at ev'ning wander near
 My tuft-rais'd tomb, and muse upon my name.

I ask of God, my father! when oppress'd,
That he will give thy child to thee—and rest.



SONNET IV.

TO MY MOTHER.

Mother! since last we parted—thy poor child
Has had no friend like thee—the wounds to
heal

Of heart corroding sorrow;—ah! I feel
Thy tenderness, and love, hath well nigh spoil'd
My aching heart, to bear the world's cold frown.
I sink beneath oppression—tho' even here,
I still can breathe, as thou hast taught, a pray'r,
And hope for peace, when I shall lay me down

In that small cell, which is to none denied.

Thine admonitions now most true I find,

They warm—irradiate—exalt my mind!

Yet—yet forgive me!—for *one* lost I've sigh'd.

Mother! when holding converse with thy God,

Pray for thy child, bow'd down beneath his rod.



SONNET V.

TO MISS A * * * * .

Where are those spirits stray'd which yester eve

Seem'd to re-animate my aching heart?

Can the gay smile—the converse gay deceive?

Alone, I feel more deep pale mis'ry's smart.

Yes! thou would'st weep, my heavy sigh to hear

Break the sad silence of the cheerless night.

I count the tardy moments with despair,

And earnest pray for morn's refulgent light.

Oft, when the tear is trembling in mine eye,

I think the blow hath struck my wretched
heart;

I meditate on life—I'd learn to die;

And strive to think I could (Sophia) part,

Yes, ev'n with thee! I turn, I restless turn,

Whilst thrills my aching heart—my throbbing
temples burn.

SONNET VI.

TO MISS D. DARK.

For thee I'll weave again a garland meet ;
And bind with friendship's charm a chaplet gay,
That, dearest ! to thy valued heart shall say,
The early promise of our spring was sweet.
Remembrance ! trace no more those fairy scenes,
When hope, to cheat the wand'rer on her way,
Smil'd—sweetly smil'd !—just so the sun-beams
play,
O'er the smooth surface of yon crystal stream,
Alas ! those happy hours, for ever flown,
Seem like the tints, that deck yon golden bow,
How beautiful—how passing sweet—but lo !
As the light chaff before the wind is blown,

They fade !—they fly !—so in our sojourn here,
 The smiles of hope are chas'd by misery's
 tear.



SONNET VII.

COMPOSED DURING A SEVERE STORM.

How black the clouds are cluster'd o'er my
 head;

The wind sounds mournfully—and bends the
 trees;

Strange, wild, and fitful mutt'rings swell the
 breeze,

And storms are rising from the north's dark bed.

Ah! some few years of careless ease I pass'd,
In the sweet home paternal, where the sun
Of warm affection in its zenith shone ;
But the rude storm of mis'ry came at last,
Yes! like a dream it came—alas! it tore
Thy feelings, bless'd contentment! from my
breast,
And planted in their place remembrance sore,
Of fond parental love ; which once had blest.
Oh, mem'ry ! scenes of bliss portray no more,
Nor youth's sweet dreams, which hope and fancy
drest.

SONNET VIII.

AT BRADLEY, SEPT. 1815.

Autumn, thy tresses sear, and pensive light,
 Invite my vagrant footsteps ;—lovelier seems
 Not glowing fancy in her richest dreams,
 Than thy mild glories seen from Bitcomb's
 height.

Alas ! amid decaying charms I rove—
 A holy calmness, eve ! thy shades impart,
 In unison with nature : Ah ! my heart
 Glows (as its sorrowing tears bedew the
 grove)

With sympathetic feelings ; for I'm left,
 In life's bewild'ring vale, of hope bereft !

And as I see the yellow leaves appear,
 Thy gushing tears—remembrance! dim mine
 eye;
 I think of that lov'd home to childhood dear,
 And fain would cheat my heart, of its deep misery.



SONNET IX.

ON REVISITING MY NATIVE PLACE, AND HEARING
 THE BELLS AT MIDNIGHT, DEC. 31, 1815.

Why ring the merry bells? 'tis cruel thus
 To wake remembrance with their busy peal;
 'Tis the year's death knell! Why should mor-
 tals feel
 Joy at her grief?—rejoice at nature's loss?

Seed-time and harvest buried ; summer's prime,
 With vernal months, and blossoms sweet, are
 gone ;

Faded the fruits and flowers—alas ! tis wrong
 To ring it out thus joyous ! Swiftly time
 Flies—loaded oft with woe ; that year to me
 Brought love, and—sad vicissitude—despair !
 Peace for a moment then succeeds grief—care,
 To one o'ercharg'd with lonely misery.

Lost year, I weep thy final day ;—the bells
 Tell of another's birth. In *that* no comfort
 dwells.

SONNET X.

ON RETURNING TO WHITLEY.

How blest might here the child of virtue live,

And learn that awful lesson, how to die.

Retirement! 'tis for thee I heave a sigh,

And fancy thou alone can'st blessing give.

Hail solitude! mild nurse of halcyon peace,

Amid thy calm, what soft emotions rise!

If to celestial scenes I turn mine eyes,

I see the troubles of the wretched cease.

Time! time! thou lead'st us on through hopes
and fears;

The wretched have their respite for awhile,

If disappointment gives her boon of tears,

Hope, sweet enchantress, soothes us with her
smile.

Points through a vista of distress below,
To other worlds, as balm for ev'ry woe.



SONNET XI.

ON READING SOME BEAUTIFUL REMARKS, WRITTEN
BY A LADY IN THE BLANK LEAVES OF
BOWDLER'S ESSAYS.

Olivia! I may join my voice with thine:

Pray'st thou for God's assistance? He is near!

Oft I have found him lend a gracious ear
To murm'ring whispers, at night's silent time.

Oft-times I try to hush the heavy sigh;

And fain would stay the sad, the trembling tear
In vain; the drops are quiv'ring in mine eye,
And sighs of anguish rise, when none are near.

What is mortality?—to dust consign'd,
 We ceaseless mourn for lost for mould'ring clay.
 What is immortal bliss?—the conscious mind,
 The soul triumphant seeks eternal day.
We are afflicted! let us then be wise,
 Be earth's false hopes resign'd—be Heav'n our
 better prize.



SONNET XII.

ON READING MRS. SMITH'S SONNETS.

Charlotte! with throbbing heart I read of woes,
 Warbled in melancholy's plaintive tone;
 In thine, I lose remembrance of mine own—
 Yet similar our fates; ah! why repose

Trust in deceiving hope? so oft abus'd.

Mistress of magic song! thy melting lay

Seems fraught with all the sweets of harmony;

As on its liquid cadence rapt I mus'd,

Methought a kindred flame our bosoms warm'd;

I dar'd aspire to feelings such as thine!

And as thy lay the pang of woe disarm'd,

I knelt again before Apollo's shrine,

And earnest pray'd he would impart the charm

Of thine own melting melody divine.

SONNET XIII.

ON REVIEWING THE PRECEDING.

To thee? presumptuous! here no Avons glide,

* No Otways warble here, or Hayleys sing;

No dismal sea-mews dip the feath'ry wing,

And tell the musers, woe will soon betide.

Genius, abash'd and silent, fain would hide

His drooping head; conceal his with'ring
flow'rs;

Muse o'er the dawning of his earliest pow'rs;

While sad neglect and scorn with him abide.

* For an explanation of this verse, see Mrs. Smith's Sonnets.

Charlotte ! alas no genial breath of fame,
 E'er call'd the infant buds of genius forth ;
 I strike the lyre unknown ! My very name
 Will soon be blotted from this wretched earth.
 Thine, Charlotte ; thine, the bright, the genuine
 flame,
 Fosters by fair reward—the mead of worth.



SONNET XIV.

OCCASIONED BY A DREAM.

Yes I did see the bloom upon thy cheek
 Rise yesternight, and thine angelic smile
 Strove, fondly strove, my sad heart to beguile
 Of its consuming sorrow ; thou did'st speak,

In accents soft and melting, to the meek

And mourning Mariann ; sweet strains of love,

Mild as the gentle dew from heav'n above,

In murm'ring cadence from thy lips did break,

“ Come with me, dearest, come,” thy spirit said,

“ The grave hath yielded to thine ardent pray'rs ;

Reluctant back to thee it gives the dead,

Subdu'd by thy sad persevering tears.”

He ceas'd ; that bloom, those smiles, with morning
fled,

Which brought the wretched boon of agonizing
fears.

SONNET XV.

ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

The hour is come; the death-knell sounds again ;

No more in this, my native vale, I trace

The placid lineaments of thy mild face ;

My sire ! we meet no more on Whitley's plain.

Now ev'ry much-lov'd tree, and shrub, in vain

Puts on new robes of green, as if to meet

Thy humid eye, invite thy welcome feet,

Or list to piety's soft-breathing strain.

No more shall Whitley's charms by me be sung,

But tears of fond regret bedew each flow'r ;

And sighs of anguish from my heart be wrung,

As sad I wander from the woodbine bow'r ;

For the wild briar, the eglantine, and rose,
 No more for thee, or thy poor Mariann,
 blows!



SONNET XVI.

'Tis thus my father! ev'ry blushing morn,
 And silent eve, I dedicate to thee;
 And when Diana shews her waning horn,
 My soul meets thine beneath the ivy'd tree,
 And fondly hails thy glance of love again.
 Oh! I would clasp thee to my aching breast,
 And seek on thine, my father! calmer rest
 Than ere I find amid this world so vain.

But thou art spirit! we embrace no more
 Forgive, forgive thy child, who fain would tell
 The sad emotions which her bosom swell,
 My sire! thy Mariann's peaceful days are o'er.
 Yes! thou art mould'ring here; this ivy'd tree
 Waves o'er the guardian of my helpless infancy.



SONNET. XVII.

ON LEAVING WHITLEY.

Oh! can I leave thee—leave thee, Whitley, thus,
 Without a solemn farewell? infant years,
 Youth's op'ning smiles, and womanhood's sad
 tears,
 Alternate thou hast witness'd; ev'n thy dust

Is sacred, to thy wretched—outcast child.

Ah! must I go again! No more return!

Orphan'd and widow'd, go! Strange fancies,
wild,

Break on my troubled brain, as thus I mourn.

Adieu, then, best belov'd! Sweet native home!

Bless'd be each sacred glen; each wizard tree;
Far from thy shades if ere thy Mariann roam,
Her restless spirit oft will visit thee.

Muse in each well-known nook; o'er each lov'd
rill;

List to her own sad harp when all beside is still.

SONNET XVIII.

The laurestinus gives her cheerful bloom ;
Here too, mezereón; and the primrose pale,
Adorn the hedge-rows of my native vale;
Spring's earliest flow'rs shall deck my father's tomb.
Light be the footsteps o'er his sacred grave,
Affection's tears be offer'd at the shrine
Of genuine worth; my sire, fast trickle mine !
As the sad night winds round the church-yard rave.
See, bending low, beneath the ivy'd wall,
Thy child, of thy protecting love bereft;
Still on thy name each eve I fondly call,
And grieve to be in life's sad valley left.
Smile on thy Mariann, oh! my sire, again !
Alas! I wildly rave, and, dreadful thought, in vain.

SONNET XIX.

COMPOSED ON THE DAY OF MY FINAL DEPARTURE
FROM WHITLEY.

Here first, my father, did my infant breath
Lisp, as thou kindly taught'st, the pious pray'r;
And oft my hands would smooth thy silvery hair,
Or clasp thy knees; I little dreamt stern death
Would stop us, in our peaceful, glad career.
Oh! I could weep—weep bitterly—and bend
Ev'n to the earth with anguish, as I hear
Hills, woods, and vales, to heav'n one carol send!
Fain would I join them; but my aching heart
Turns, fondly turns, to thee, sweet home! again;
Thy shadows, twilight! deeper gloom impart
To my sad bosom, writh'd, alas with pain.

The fragrant violet, and the woodbine's bloom,
Seem but to mock me with their sweet perfume.



SONNET XX.

ON STRAYING ROUND THE PRECINCTS OF WHITLEY.

Yes! 'tis the flail, the rooks, the sounds I love;

Hail, sweet retreat of infancy! I come

A visitant to thee, my native home!

Amid thy green-clad glens unseen I rove.

Murmurs that brook again? its rippling sweet,

Sighs a soft requiem to my father's shade;

The daisy'd mead invites again those feet,

But, ah! those feet beneath the sod are laid.

Hark! 'twas his faithful dog! I must away—

Go, Mariann, go! thou'lt hail no more the smile
Of mild paternal love; yet, wand'rer, stay!

The voice of spring would fain thy grief beguile.
The sportive songsters on the bending spray,
Seem to reproach thee as thou turn'st away.



SONNET XXI.

Religion! 'mid the starry train of night,

The awful pause of meditation's hour,

Beneath yon pensive orb's refulgent light,

I woo thy heart-restoring, sacred pow'r.

Religion! here thy heav'nly blessings shower!

Guide me in peace, with thine effulgent ray,

As, pilgrim-like, awhile I devious stray,
Where now a sun-beam breaks, and now a cloud
doth lour.

There are misfortunes in this tearful world,
Which bow the spirit past all human aid,
When our fond hopes are from their summit
hurl'd,

And mis'ry doth the sinking heart invade.
Oh! seek a heav'nly Canaan's peaceful shore,
And pale delusion's wildering reign is o'er,

SONNET XXII.

ADDRESSED TO THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.

Lansdowne! amid the realms thou'st travers'd
o'er,*

Saw'st thou one child of song neglected lie?

Didst thou mark genius in some downcast eye,
And bid some pensive minstrel weep no more?

Lansdowne! perchance upon thy native shore,
Neglected genius wastes its conscious powers;
At twilight oft, amid Bowood's sweet bow'rs,
A plaintive benison its lyre doth pour.

Oh! say, when wand'ring in a foreign land,
Or lull'd to sleep upon the wafting wave,

* Composed shortly after her ladyship's return from Italy.

Did God preserve thee with a powerful hand ?

Did Heav'n thy child—thy much-lov'd Wycombe
save ;

Oh bid the minstrel smile at thy command,
And foster talents that preserver gave.



SONNET XXIII.

TO MRS. MEREWETHER, OF BLACKLAND.

Lady ! thy courtesy hath met mine ear ;

And I will twine ambrosial wreaths for thee

Of flow'rs, which bloom alone in poesy ;

Bath'd in the dew of Heliconia clear.

There is a trem'lous voice, to sorrow dear,

The voice of kindness ! and the Muses' child

Feels in each pulse th' varying cadence mild,

That speaks of friendship, halcyon word ! sincere,

Lady, a tear hath dimm'd the balmy wreath ;
 Go then, to Anna go, ye fading flow'rs,
 Live in her smile—steal fragrance from her breath,
 Bloom where the Graces' magic sweetness
 show'rs,
 Nor fear oblivion's cell—or cave of death
 While pendant—blissful thought! in Anna's
 bow'rs !



SONNET XXIV.

TO THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

Bowles ! hast thou never known a child of song
 Rap't in oblivion's veil ? whose pensive lay,
 At eventide might o'er some wild stream play,
 Making sweet melody its reeds among ;

But oh ! at morning's earliest blush 'tis gone !

Mute is the harp that broke the still of night,

For ah ! the minstrel shuns the orient light ;

Nor loves to mingle with the busy throng.

Oh ! I would bid thee stretch thy hand to save

A simple flow'ret that hath blossom'd wild !

Though in Castalia's stream it may not lave,

Yet, 'tis some ev'ning primrose, faint and mild.

Thou pour'st a requiem o'er the father's grave,

Then from oblivion snatch the mourning child.

SONNET XXV.

TO MRS. BOWLES, ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE
ORGAN.

Softer, and softer yet ; and now it swells
E'en to heaven's concave !—heard you not the
note,
Seeming awhile on ev'ning breeze to float ;
Then sinking in the heart, where yet it dwells,
Enshrin'd and consecrate ! o'er Siloa's wells
Did piety breathe sweeter ?—hush ! again
She pours to heav'n the soul, soul-soothing
strain,
Sweeter, and sweeter yet, the soft tones fell.

Yes ! 'twas the organ's peal which Laura touch'd.

The child of taste full well might heave a sigh,

Thrill'd from the soul by graceful harmony,

When ev'n the rougher swains, the dew-drop
brush'd

From off their sun-burnt cheeks. Hail, Laura,
hail !

Th' accomplish'd minstrel of our peaceful vale.

SONNET XXVI.

COMPOSED THE 7TH OF NOV. 1817, ON THE DEATH
OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

Albion! where is thy Princess?—In her shroud;

Yet smiling still in lifeless loveliness,

As though unconscious of her lord's distress,

And all unmindful of the wail which loud

Sounds through her realm. In sable state the
crowd,

Awe-struck and pale, breathe oft repeated sighs

From breaking hearts; and ah! a nation's cries

Rise to that God to whose behest she bow'd.

Albion! where is thy Princess' babe? Alas!

Cold, on its mother's icy breast 'tis laid.

Emblem of fading flow'rs, or with'ring grass,

The beauteous plant and cion both decay'd.

While thousand, thousand requiems rise on high.
 I give th' unnotic'd tear and agonizing sigh.



SONNET XXVII.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Cobourg! the heart is silent thou did'st love.

How still; how awful; 'tis the pause of death.

Ah! dost thou bend to catch the parting breath

That seems to whisper, we shall meet above?

'Tis past, and thou all motionless remain'st

By thy pale peerless Princess;—must she die,

Nor see her infant's smile, nor hear its cry?

Yes, Cobourg, yes! thou heav'n an angel gain'st.

Ah ! hath our hope thus perish'd—Albion kneel !

Thy food be ashes ; sackcloth be thy robe ;

Turn thy full eye to yon celestial globe,

And, humbled, ask of God thy woes to heal ;

Who, with his everlasting love divine,

May gather in his fold, the wand'ring sheep of
thine.



SONNET XXVIII.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. FRY.

There is a tear that trembles in the eye,

Pure as the dew which gems yon op'ning rose ;

It falls when virtue marks the suff'rer die,

Or muses on the lisp'ing orphan's woes.

The moisten'd cheek—the sigh—the bended knee,

Of yon repentant female, seem to say,

Thy smiles, oh! virtue, gild her cell to day;

And, ah! she gives her heart subdu'd to thee.

Lady! tho' other's boast to sing the deeds

That bids war's clarion sound; and hail the
name

That swells the far-heard trump of fickle fame,

Mine be't to twine a wreath, thy well-earn'd meed,

And bid my harp resound, yon convict's free,

And boast that Newgate's school 's deriv'd from
thee.

SONNET XXIX.

TO MRS. STILES, ON THE BIRTH OF LITTLE HENRY.

What sounds of fond endearment strike mine ear?

What smile of love angelic meets mine eye?

I hail maternal blessings pour'd sincere,

Upon a beauteous infant slumb'ring nigh.

Lovely, as when the gentle morn, array'd

In saffron mantle, rises in the east;

Softer than ev'ning's slow-retiring shade,

That whispers to the child of sorrow peace!

Sleep on, sweet boy! may ne'er misfortune's pang

Corrode thy heart with agonizing woe:

He smiles again! Methought an angel sang

Soft lullabies, in mildest cadence low.

Oh! may the Great Eternal grant to thee
 Bland peace, sweet babe, and fair prosperity.



SONNET XXX.

As some lone trav'ler pensive turns to gaze
 On the green vales, the woods, and mountains
 past,
 A farewell glance on some lov'd spot he'll cast,
 And sigh to leave the meand'ring river's maze,
 Where past his childhood! where a boy he play'd.
 Where youth, with ardent look, and smiles
 appear'd,
 And love, each wooded knoll and glen endear'd,
 As 'neath their shades with fair Louise he stray'd.

But manhood throws him on life's ruder wild,

And a sad tear is trembling in his eye ;

So, Whitley ! turns to thee thine outcast child,

And thinks upon those hours with many a sigh

When love and tranquil peace her soul beguil'd,

And she would carol blithe the song of infancy.



SONNET XXXI.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE: COMPOSED ON HEARING
HER FIRST NOTES IN THE SPRING OF 1813.

And art thou then return'd sweet bird of night?

And wilt thou soothe me with thy first-heard
song?

No child of science thus could give delight,

Whose melody might charm the city's throng.

'Tis thou, enchantress! steal'st the poet's praise;
Thou claim'st the softest breathings of his muse;
Inspire me with thine own bewitching lays,
In mine, the sweetness of thy tones infuse.
Ah! no, to simple themes I tune my lute,
That ravish'd strain of melody's thine own;
To melt the heart, to make its pulses mute,
Belong, sweet bird of night, to thee alone.
Yes! thine to lull the list'ning soul to peace,
That trembles as it fears thy song may cease.

SONNET XXXII.

INSCRIBED TO THE FAMILY AT C———Y, ON
THE DEATH OF THEIR PARENT.

Strike the sad harp again to strains of grief;
 Responsive, as the father's pensive sigh,
 And orphan's wail, sail'd on the night-wind by.
 Oh! wild harp with thy witch'ry bring relief.
 Trem'lous thy tones, and soft—till balmy sleep;
 Give to the wretched respite; then again
 Resound thy deeper note far o'er the plain,
 Fitful, and sonorous; till I shall steep
 Thy strings with sympathy's fast falling tear.
 Then raise to Heav'n thy strains, and waft
 above

Tidings of joy—if truth, and worth sincere,

Obtain a portion of Almighty love :

If mild religion be to angels dear,

Then is Eliza crown'd with bliss above.



SONNET XXXIII.

COMPOSED IN THE REV. W. L. BOWLES'S GARDEN.

Rises a wish presumptuous in my breast,

For such an earthly heav'n—such fairy bow'rs,

To gender fancy's most bewitching pow'rs,

And give imagination highest zest?

Oh! for such leisure! such secluded rest!

Here elegance and taste the lawns pervade,

And climbing shrubs, and bow'ring trees

o'ershade,

The sweet pavilion, for the poet drest—
Bowles, whom the plaintive muse so oft caress'd,
That list'ning to his graceful harmony,
The tear of pity could not be repress'd ;
Nor sighs which rose amid the symphony,
That spoke of * * * 's death—when sad and wild
His lyre proclaim'd him melancholy's child.

SONNET XXXIV.

TO EMMA, ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER: COM-
 POSED ON HEARING HER EXTREME DE-
 PRESSION OF SPIRITS SEVERELY
 CENSURED.

Why turn'st thou with pale countenance away?

Why strays that glitt'ring dew-drop down thy
 cheek?

What do those sighs, and lab'ring bosom say?

To hide thine anguish 'tis in vain to seek.

Then wherefore try?—thy gentle mind should
 scorn,

Their light applause, who now thy griefs dis-
 dain;

And trust me too, my heart with feelings warm,

Would soothe, alleviate, and assuage thy pain.

Thou'st lost a friend—'tis virtue then to mourn
 A father! grieve,—but, Emma! ne'er repine;
 Our tears we'll mingle o'er his hallow'd urn,
 And flow'rs of sweetest fragrance there entwine.
 While the just God, array'd in mercy mild,
 Will for the father's sake, support the sorrowing
 child.



SONNET XXXV.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON THE LOSS OF HER
 LITTLE GIRL.

Mourn'st thou thy blooming child? Oh! yes! 'twas
 sweet
 To listen to her lisping voice a eve;
 And see her little hands a garland weave,
 Of the first flow'rs which Spring's soft glances meet.

But, lady, still her joys were incomplete.

Oft in this vale, the cypress, rob'd in gloom,

Entwines the urn, o'ershadowing the tomb

Of those we fondly love: that dark retreat

Shades from thy view the flow'ret thou had'st
rear'd,

Then turn to heav'n thine intellectual eye,

And hail thy seraph, in those beams inspher'd,

Issuing from mercy's throne, that gild the sky ;

See her to that Almighty Friend endear'd,

Who lov'd her infant smile, and spar'd her future
sigh.

SONNET XXXVI.

* * * * * the sabbath-day returns! but thou,
 Wilt keep it holy with thy God above?

* * * * * I wipe the sad drops from my brow,
 And muse on sabbaths past of wedded love.

Art thou so blessed? must thy Mariann mourn,
 And all the pangs of separation feel?

Alas! no hours of peace for her return,

Whilst thou from smiles divine can'st rapture
 steal.

Belov'd one! dost thou still regard her weal?

May ev'n angelic bosoms heave a sigh?

Then, when I wipe the tears that dim mine eye,
 And to thy God, my * * * * * humbly kneel,

Thy gentle spirit chance may, hov'ring nigh,
 For the deep anguish of thy Mariann feel.

SONNET XXXVII.

COMPOSED DURING ILLNESS.

Oh! give me melody's soft breathing strain,
 To re-illumine my soul ;—its fires decay,
 Languid, alas ! as Sol's faint wav'ring ray,
 When feath'ry snows have whiten'd o'er the plain ;
 My heart is chill'd by pale disease and pain !
 Scott! from the witch elm take thy magic lyre,
 Lull me to rest, with notes that might inspire
 Apollo's self—they sound ! I hail again
 Thy lays melodious, from St. Fillan's* spring.
 Oh! zephyr, waft again those welcome notes,
 Which thrill'd thro' ev'ry pulse ; then murmuring,
 Like fairy spell., ere lost.—Again it floats

* See the beautiful introductory stanzas to the " Lady of the Lake."

On the mild whispers of the ev'ning breeze,
Then dies away in graceful symphonies.



SONNET XXXVIII.

NIGHT SCENE, OCT. 1813.

Far in the west the gath'ring clouds assume
Forms strange and various ; while the queen of
night
Shines on her throne with dazzling lustre bright,
As the lone cotter gives his nightly tune.
Now flitting clouds her silv'ry form inhume ;
But for a moment—for the winds arise.
Sweeping along the variegated skies,
And drive them to the west ; bright fires illume

The genial south ; and streams of burnish'd gold
 Gild the far-off horizon's glittering rays ;
 Where red, and purple, azure clouds infold :
 The heart, spontaneous adoration pays
 To Him—th' Omnipotent ! the lute is still,
 And inspiration does my bosom thrill.



SONNET XXXIX.

MORNING.

Gone is the queen of night—the misty morn
 Calls forth the sportsmen ; echo o'er the hill,
 Gives back their halloos, as the murm'ring rill ;
 They leap, and answer to the cheering horn.

Now winding far, we lose the beagle's voice,
 And nearer sound the rustic village bells.

Perchance some nymph, who in sweet Bremhill
 dwells,

Her truth is plighting to her earliest choice;

While all around, the village maids and swains,

Repair to share the festive holliday;

And near the kirk the laughing throng remains

To see the bride, or hear the pastor pray :

While with arch looks, unskill'd in courtly grace,

The clowns glance frequent at her blushing face.

SONNET XL.

TO THE MOON.

Oh moon, that calm'st the turbulence of thought,
And still'st the rising passions of the breast,
From thy pure beam my soul hath transport caught,
When all, save me, were wrapt in balmy rest.
The gentle whisper of the murm'ring breeze ;
The violet's fragrance wafted by the gale ;
The embow'ring foliage of the waving trees,
And the luxuriance of the blooming vale ;
The plaintive note of yon poor shepherd lad,
Who breathes his flute to many a mournful air ;
And thy soft light, pale Cynthia ! sweetly sad,
Might lure the muse to meet her vot'ry here,
And twine her brows with fancy's richest flow'rs,
To gild the gay, and soothe the pensive hours.

ON SEEING A ROSE IN BLOOM,

JAN. 1812.

The fragrant rose, amid a wintry sky,
Unfolds its leaves—buds forth; though but to die!
So flatt'ring hope, amid distrust and fears,
Creates a fairy scene for future years;
Oft, like the rose-bud, cheers the drooping heart,
Turns pale, and dies, beneath the spoiler's dart.
Yet, though the beauty of the rose decay,
And hope may droop upon a stormy day;
The god of nature bids the one re-bloom,
And points the other far beyond the tomb.
The rose in beauty shall again be seen,
And hope with glory deck a future scene;
Where crystal thrones, and hymning choirs appear,
And ah! a Saviour, drying sorrow's tear.

TO

A YOUNG WOMAN IN HUMBLE LIFE,

IN THE LAST STAGE OF CONSUMPTION.

Where is the bloom that late adorn'd thy face?

Where too the brilliance of thy sparkling eye?

Pale sickness now usurps their wonted place,

Alas! poor suff'ring Mary—thou must die.

Thy glaring eye proclaims thy reason fled,

That thou wilt soon receive thy summons hence;

Thy weeping parents kneel beside thy bed;

Have mercy, Lord of all omnipotence!

'Thy state was low and humble—yet I deem,

Tho' young, thou'st felt the shock of human woe ;

But happiness on earth is but a dream—

Go to thy heav'nly Father, Mary—go !

Yes, thou wert good. I'll freely give a tear,

For death may shortly make distinction cease ;

And may that friend I now esteem most dear,

Moisten *my* grave, when I'm like thee, at peace.

What heart, will to my ashes lend a sigh ?

What eye will drop a kind, a tender tear ?

Whose form will then be seen to linger nigh ?

Whose lips to murmur a beseeching pray'r ?

Yes ! may some form be seen to hover nigh,

Some lips to murmur then a humble pray'r,

Some friendly bosom heave a pitying sigh,

Some eye drop o'er my grave a passing tear !

For I would not this world unnotic'd leave ;
And tho' no monument my name may bear,
Some gentle bosom may for Mariann grieve,
Commune with Heaven—and hope to meet her
there.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A LITTLE POEM, BEGINNING "LET
ME DIE,"—BY MISS TREFUSIS.

Let me live! let me live! my Creator is kind,
And cast ev'ry folly and care to the wind;
Let me live! and be ardent in praises sincere,
To the hand that has dried up the fast falling tear;

Oh! yes let me live!

Delusion I court not:—these wishes be mine;
To live! and adore my Creator divine!
Tho' no roses of love round my temples I bind,
I trust in His goodness, still hoping to find
'Neath his shadow bland rest.

If the hopes of this world may be stealing away,
 I still cherish *one*, which will never decay;
 The sweet hope, which oft soothes my sad soul
 to its rest,
 And gives both contentment and peace to my
 breast,

When the lark hails the morn.

But youth's fairy prospects at present are mine ;
 To guard them, to bless them, oh Father, be thine !
 Never let them, I pray thee, a snare to me prove,
 But Thou ! and Thou only, be first in my love,
 And thus let me live.

Yet the ties that still bind me to this mortal sphere,
 Are blessings which earth and its pleasures
 endear ;

For I feel thy protection each fleet passing hour;
 My heart firmly trusts in thy love and thy pow'r,

Then, then let me live!

But if, oh my Father! in life's thorny road,
 Thy child should forget her supporter—her God!
 If her heart should not bow to thy mercy divine,
 And ne'er bring its off'ring to gratitude's shrine,

Now, now let her die!

To thee, my Redeemer! I whisper the pray'r;
 Thou'st guarded in childhood, in womanhood
 spare:

Let me live, till mine off'ring of love be complete,
 And my heart be in purity laid at thy feet;

And then let me die!

LINES

COMPOSED BY THE BED OF AN EXPIRING ORPHAN.

Pale as the sickly moon's faint wav'ring beams,

Maria ! touch'd by death thy cheek appears ;

Alas ! the tyrant, with impatience seems,

Ev'n now to call thee from this vale of tears.

But why weep'st thou, Sophia ? doth thine heart

Throb with parental tenderness and love ?

Ah ! doth thine eyes those feelings bland impart,

Which earth reveres, and angels hail above !

As patient o'er the hapless orphan's bed

Thou bend'st, and mourn'st, hersad untimely end,

Thou seem'st a guardian angel by her head,

We scarce can recognize an earthly friend.

Ah! could thy Mariann's love assuage thy grief,
 Or mitigate Maria's dire disease;
 Could tender sympathy afford relief,
 Both! both! should feel health's renovating ease.
 But thou, Sophia, hast full many a friend;
 Ah! could I paint their love, so true, sincere;
 Hail mem'ry, hail! quick to my pencil lend
 The names of father! mother! brothers dear!
 And mem'ry should some other rise to view,
 Some friend, whose converse e'er could give a
 charm;
 Whisper her Mariann's heart is ever true;
 Say, that with love for her 'tis glowing warm.
 But, sweet Maria! mem'ry fain will tell,
 That all thy friends from thee, alas! are gone;
 Points to their grave—recalls their funeral knell;
 Ah! in this world of woe, thou'rt left alone.

But shall my fancy take the daring flight ;

Dares she to mount to God's bright throne on
high?

Can she attain to heaven's celestial height,

And paint the parent's anxious, watchful eye?

Their angel mounts! swift thro' the ethereal space

To claim the seraph, now behold them dart ;

Alternately she's held in fond embrace,

And press'd alternately to either heart.

And now the heav'nly choir assembled rise,

And sweetest song of welcome now they sing,

The new-made angel gains at length the skies,

And heaven's wide portals with hosannahs
ring.

TO MARY.

Thou art a little tender flow'r;

And beaming in thine eye

A mildness mingle with its blue,

A softness heavenly.

Thou seem'st a slender, bending stem ;

Alas ! thy fragile form,

The melting cadence of thy voice, -

Awake affection warm.

But mingling in thy blue eyes glance,

And cheek of vermeil die,

Alas ! consumption seems to lurk ;

And in thy smile to lie.

Then, child of beauty! virtue learn ;

See death in ambush nigh :

Consumption loves the vermeil cheek,

And spoils the lustrous eye ;

Then, child of ashes! virtue seek,

Religion's nectar sip,

Consumption loves the roseate smile

That decks the ruby lip ;

That if to Heav'n thou wing'st thy way,

A seraph thou may'st be ;

Then, tho' this beauteous earth were mine,

How should I envy thee!

COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT.*

Last night, while list'ning to the mournful blast,
Methought the spirit of my ***** past,
In shining white array'd ; in awe I rose !
When lo ! his twining arms my form enclose.
I felt no horror, tho' his cold, cold face,
Press'd mine, in agonizing, fond embrace !
I started not—tho' pale that blooming cheek ;
I listen'd—but the phantom did not speak ;
Tho' dress'd in grave-clothes, yet I hop'd to see
That look of love which lives in memory !
That look of love ! it pierc'd mine inmost soul,
And those mild soothing smiles, that, oh ! controul
All thoughts of horror ;—ah ! I see a tear,
***** ! thy fond affection's beaming there.

Tall was the phantom, as my ***** tall,
 Emaciated the bending form ;—yet all
 The grace of angels beam'd in light around,
 And threw a radiance o'er the hallow'd ground.
 What mixt emotions, wild and mournful, rose,
 I leant upon his bosom for repose ;
 A moment leant upon his grasping arm,
 Till fancy brought the life's-blood current
 warm.

I gaz'd at his sunk eye—till, ah, despair !
 I saw the spoils of death triumphant there !
 And soon the marble coldness of his breast,
 On mine, alas ! an icy chill impress'd.
 'Twas night—'twas silence—“ ***** art thou
 come

To take thy Mary to thy lonely tomb ?

Dost thou still love her—canst thou love her there?

Is she beyond the grave then to thee dear?"

" Beyond the grave?—Oh Mary, no—no—no!

The grave's dread secrets life must never know.

Yet wherefore restless would my spirit roam,

Unless to bring my love—my Mary, home?

Dearest, best friend! I meet thee once again,

Then yield to mighty death's victorious chain.

Mary, thou'st stretch'd thy hand, tho' vain to

save,

And breath'd thy sighs at midnight o'er my grave;

Oft strung thy mournful harp to solemn strains

Of earthly parting, and of heav'nly plains.

I would have liv'd to share thy ev'ry woe—

I would have pray'd, that thou might'st never

know

Misfortune's pangs—love's smiles had charm'd
my heart,

Ev'n when the spoiling tyrant bade us part.

In life I would have dried each tear of thine,

In death, thy bitter pangs, ah! still are mine!

I should have bid thee throw aside thy woe,

To ***** kind, forgiving father go ;

There seek the food of life—the sweets of love,

And commune with thy blessed Lord above.

But ling'ring, sadd'ning, as my Mary spoke,

What earthly language has from ***** broke?

Best friend, farewell! the morning breezes
play,

And moulder into dust once bury'd clay.

Ah, grieve no more! thy ***** grave is deep,

And long, and sound, his undisturbed sleep ;

Yet, when the gusty wind-god, murm'ring by,
 Seem'd fraught with human woe—with Mary's sigh,
 I half arose, and listen'd—then a strain
 From thy sad harp ! came softly o'er the plain.
 ***** it murmur'd ! on the blast it dies,
 But restless now, and tortur'd ***** lies !
 The bell toll'd twelve—the op'ning grave I left,
 And came to visit her, of hope bereft ;
 But stronger blows the breeze—away, away,
 The bell strikes one ! Immortals must not stay."

DESCRIPTIVE LINES,

INSCRIBED TO

MRS. JAMES HALE.

The Morning comes ! her orient glance
Awakens nature from its trance ;
When peering o'er the distant hill,
She peeps into the azure rill,
And douse her robe of various hue,
Intwines her brows with gold and blue ;
With roseate sandals binds her feet,
And smiles at her own image sweet.
Joyous, she calls the misty vales ;
The mist to meet her instant sails ;

Flutters around the mountain's base,
Then climbs the steep with cautious haste.
The vale's array'd in robes of green,
While grey the mountain's brow is seen,
The mist involves its giant breast ;
Below, Aurora shines confest.
Sweet is the radiant summer sky,
When zephyr scarcely breaths a sigh ;
When one soft sunny lapse of light
Chases the shadows of the night.
The rose shakes off the morning dew,
Expands her fragrant leaves anew ;
The heifer, stretch'd beside the stream,
Is wooing Sol's refulgent beam.
More bright the noon-day summer sun,
When half his daily course is run ;

When fiery rays of scorching heat
 Steal from the flow'rs their fragrance sweet;
 He stoops from heav'n, to view his beam
 Reflected in the burnish'd stream.
 The stream shrinks from his ardent gaze,
 Prevents, with rushy veil, his rays;
 And, ah! the balmy roses fade,
 The heifer seeks the friendly shade;
 And ev'ry shrub, and blooming flow'r,
 Droops at the noon-day's radiant hour:
 While heav'n, emitting brilliant beams,
 Too bright for mortal vision seems!
 Sweet is the mild, still hour of eve,
 'Tis sweet old Caunna's throng to leave,
 And in some lonely nook reclin'd
 List to the rill, or whisp'ring wind.

Sunk is the sun ; yet ah ! his robe
Is floating o'er this nether globe.
His robe of clouds ; in fancy's eye,
Various and changeful shapes flit by :
And warrior's here, in purple drest,
Clasp glitt'ring sabres to their breast ;
And all the panoply of war
Shines in the western world afar !
There, forms in darker stoles array'd,
Seem mourning some much-favour'd maid.
Slow moves the-plumed hearse, and wave
The mournful cypress o'er the grave.
But, ah ! the glorious scene behold ;
Fair dames, adorn'd in garbs of gold,
With azure blue their brows entwine,
And each presents a form divine !

Beneath, appears a liquid sea,
 Like burnish'd gold on porphyry.*
 Light on the waves they float along—
 Now lost! the gath'ring rack among.
 The muse attunes her ev'ning lay,
 And hails the parting hour of day;
 And inspiration o'er the lyre,
 Pours all her wild seraphic fire.
 Then Night her sable mantle brings,
 To hail her, Melancholy springs!
 That pensive nymph, who loves to dwell
 Remote in grot or hermit's cell,

* Perhaps this will be objected to; but who that has observed the various and beautiful appearances of the heavens in a summer evening, but will confess that great latitude is allowed in a description of those appearances: the clouds often assume the semblance of marble, and their floating motion appears like the waves of the sea.

With veiled head, and mourning vest,
 And pale hands folded on her breast.
 Oft in the dark wood's deep recess
 The wind-god fans th' unbraided tress ;
 Kisses her lips to catch the sigh,
 Exhales the tear-drop from her eye ;
 Whispers a wild and mournful tale,
 And rudely blows aside her veil,
 As wrapt she hears the nightingale !
 And ever and anon her moan
 Mingles with the varying tone :
 When soft the melting cadence fell,
 The woods resounded—"Fare thee well !
 Farewell, oh, friend belov'd ! ev'n here
 I view thee pallid on thy bier ;
 Though not the roses bloom I see,
 Attendant graces say—'tis thee !


And I will leave the city's glare,
To hold sweet converse with thee here ;
Where not a mortal dare intrude
Upon the stilly solitude.

Ah ! doth thy form delude mine eyes !
Hail, blissful inmate of the skies !
Enwrapt in night's congenial gloom,
Say, would'st thou take me to thy tomb ?
Oh ! yes, my love, with thee I'll stray,
With thee explore the dismal way,
And cradled in thy peaceful grave,
No more to hear the night-wind rave,
Upon thine icy breast I'll sleep,
And never wake again to weep."

Now comes the moon !—whose lustre mild
Softens the scen'ry sadly wild ;

Ah ! dearer far that waxing horn
Than all the glare of flaunting morn.
The Pleiades are sparkling bright,
The woods are tipt with silv'ry light,
As on her throne, the midnight queen,
Is with unwonted radiance seen.
Hush'd is the earth in still repose ;
No sound save sorrow's sigh arose :
Save that the wild and whisp'ring breeze
Sweeps the dark foliage of the trees,
And the clear rill is murm'ring nigh :
Spirits of heroes gone, stalk by ;
And now and then from yonder oak
The raven sends her boding croak,
And Melancholy in the glen
Weeps for the miseries of men.

Sarah ! these scenes are dear to me,
And ev'ry child of poesy ;
Yet not the blushing morn fair-tress'd,
Or Sol in robe refulgent dress'd ;
Not ev'ning's last retiring beams,
Or melancholy's midnight dreams ;
Not inspiration's happiest hour,
Stealing sweets from ev'ry flow'r ;
Not all the charms of melody,
Are dear as are thy babe and thee !
When by attendant seraphs blest,
He smiles on thy maternal breast,
And sooth'd by lullabies, sinks sweet to rest.



COMPOSED AT BOWOOD.

'Twas night—the stillness of the lake
No breeze or fairy feet did wake,
But on its calm and tranquil breast,
An infant might have sunk to rest !

The starry arch, the midnight queen,
The cypress, with its gloomy green,
Reflected in its face were seen.

}

'Twas night—around the spacious park
The oak display'd its foliage dark,
The clinging ivy, twining round,
Threw wild enchantment o'er the ground ;
And ever and anon the eye
Sought hoary sage or Druid nigh !

Tho' the wrapt ear, amid the still,
Caught but the murmur of the rill.
The temple and the hermitage,
Pictur'd the Druid and the sage ;
Entranc'd I sought the wooded glen,
To muse on tales of ancient men ;
Or hail the visionary bier,
Borne to the mausoleum near ;
And fancy'd, with sepulchral rites,
Were mingled strange, unearthly sights.
Till the loud anthem, pealing clear,
Burst on my earnest-list'ning ear ;
Then to my eye would fancy bring
The sacred Druid's mystic ring,
And mark'd the hair of silv'ry white,
Glist'ning 'mid the dew of night.

A snowy robe each form embrac'd,
 And zon'd, with priestly lawn, each waist.
 The naked foot no sandals twine,
 Like pilgrims bar'd for Mecca's shrine ;
 There seem'd a wildness in the eye,
 Attentive rais'd, and fix'd on high,
 That spoke too-zealous piety :
 And superstition o'er the crew,
 The blood of holy martyr's threw ;
 And ignorance past leering by,
 And dimm'd with dust each up-turn'd eye ;
 The wild and mutt'ring requiems wake
 The sleeping genius of the lake ;
 And then, methought, a fearful groan
 Rush'd through the gloomy valleys lone !
 Afraid of some unholy deed,
 I pace the plain with trem'lous speed ;

And hail the graceful larch again,
Or veil'd by rock-work, wrap't remain;
And shudder at the awful sight,
And vision of the waining night:
Till, ah! what tumult to my heart,
Doth yonder sylph-like form impart!
The genius of the lake is seen,
At distance, o'er its blue serene,
In shelly boat of orient pearl,
With blue eyes, seen through many a curl
Of wavy gold—the vermeil dye,
With the fair lily blending nigh;
The azure robe, bespangled o'er,
Bright as yon starr'd arch hail'd before;
And the blue eyes' bright glance sublime,
Bore traces of a heav'nly clime.

There, where the sombre lichens creep,
And o'er vast rocks the waters leap;
Where in the cave still silence dwells,
Save that the flood, swift rushing, swells
On her lone ear—as o'er the mound
It dashes furious to the ground :
There, all amid its foamy spray,
The Genius seem'd to wing her way ;
Like Houri in a crystal bow'r
She blush'd amid that glitt'ring show'r,
That seem'd to gem her braided hair
As tho' transform'd to jewels there !
The waters part before her keel,
All nature seems her pow'r to feel,
And to the dipping of her oar,
The breeze soft whispers from the shore.

And, hark! her voice, divinely mild,
 Wakes echo mid the scen'ry wild;
 Rocks, caves, and woodlands, seem to be
 Wrapt with the liquid harmony.

Hast thou seen,
 At the mid-day's radiant hour,
 The lady in her sumptuous bow'r?

Angels lean
 To mark her wipe the orphan's tear;
 While groups of rosy children near,

On the green,
 Lisp the praises, hail the smile,
 And bless the name, with simple wile,
 Of my queen.

Come away!

Where the noon-day banquet rises,
'Tis the hour which freedom prizes;

Hark! a lay

From the minstrel's harp is playing;
Lore her ancient tale is saying;

The lady gay

Wreaths the rose and eglantine;
As breathed strains, almost divine,
Round her play.

Mark her, where

By the window she is gazing,
When the western world is blazing:

Ah! the tear

Of piety illumes her eye;
She breathes devotion's hallow'd sigh;

Sweet and clear,
 As their golden notes are tuning,
 Her wrapt soul is now communing
 With the sphere !

'Tis the hour
 When sensibility and love,
 In the soft glance that's fix'd above,
 Shew their pow'r :
 Then haste, and bring an off'ring meet,
 The musk-rose and the wild briar sweet,
 To the bow'r ;
 Woodbines, with scented jasmine twine ;
 Cull from the graceful eglantine
 The fragrant flow'r.

I am near !

And when thy lyre's faint echoing sails
On zephyr o'er the perfum'd vales,

Softly clear,

Then will I wake the feelings mild,
Thron'd in the heart of virtue's child,

By her tear !

I'll leave my shelly bow'r for thee,
And pour these notes of harmony
In her ear.

Lady mine !

Ah ! let thy beaming smiles illumine,
The wild flow'rs, which may haply bloom,
'Neath their shrine ;

Ah ! let thine eyes' soft glances be

The guerdon of sweet poesy !

Then be thine,

The pure ambrosial fragrancy

Its flow'rets give ; and, ah ! for thee

Its wreaths entwine.

The strain is past—morn's orient beam,

Just tinges now, the winding stream ;

The rocks in solemn grandeur tow'r,

The woodbine climbs the boatman's bow'r ;

I see the woods of sombre hue,

The mansion—and the lake I view ;

But, ah ! no more I see the boat

On its pellucid bosom float ;

I list! but hear no more the oar,
 Dash in its wave, I heard before!
 The genius of the lake I call;
 One echo, and 'tis silence all.
 Alas! as morning opes her eye,
 The pleasing dreams of fancy fly!
 Bowood! amid such scenes as thine,
 The heart communes with love divine;
 Devotion's kindling fires I feel,
 And in thy glen, dew-spangled, kneel.
 Oh! thou Eternal! deign to hear
 Thy humble vot'ry's whisper'd pray'r;
 The lady sleeps within her bow'r;
 On her thy heav'nly blessings show'r.
 Thou, who art thron'd in majesty,
 And still'st the breeze—illum'st the sky!

Thou, who can'st halcyon peace impart,
 To soothe, 'mid life's sad ills, the heart :
 Oh ! breathe into her bosom, love,
 Pure as thy angels feel above !
 When the night's sable shades are gone,
 To thee ascends her matin song.
 Her offer'd vows, oh heaven ! receive,
 Murmur'd to thee each tranquil eve.
 Long may she, 'mid these vallies, rove,
 And long enjoy connubial love :
 Amid her cottagers be blest ;—
 Peace, the mild inmate of her breast,
 Soothing each fear, each grief to rest.



ON THE BIRTH OF MY SISTER'S LITTLE GIRL,

THREE DAYS AFTER THE FUNERAL OF HER GRANDFATHER.

Born amid misery, and nurs'd with tears,
Lo! on thy face the trembling dew appears;
Tears are thy diet—while fast-rising sighs,
Breath'd from thy mother, are thy lullabies!
Yet *thee*, they soothe to rest;—alas! tho' vain—
She only wakes to weep, and to complain;
The passing moments counts with anguish by,
And sees again, each night, her father die!
Marks his pale cheek, his last convulsive start,
And deadly horror fastens on her heart.
Alas! sweet babe, my aching bosom feels,
A woe which time, nor scarce religion, heals;
A dreadful void—a *something* passing thought,
Which that wild, awful dash of waters* brought.

* See Memoir.

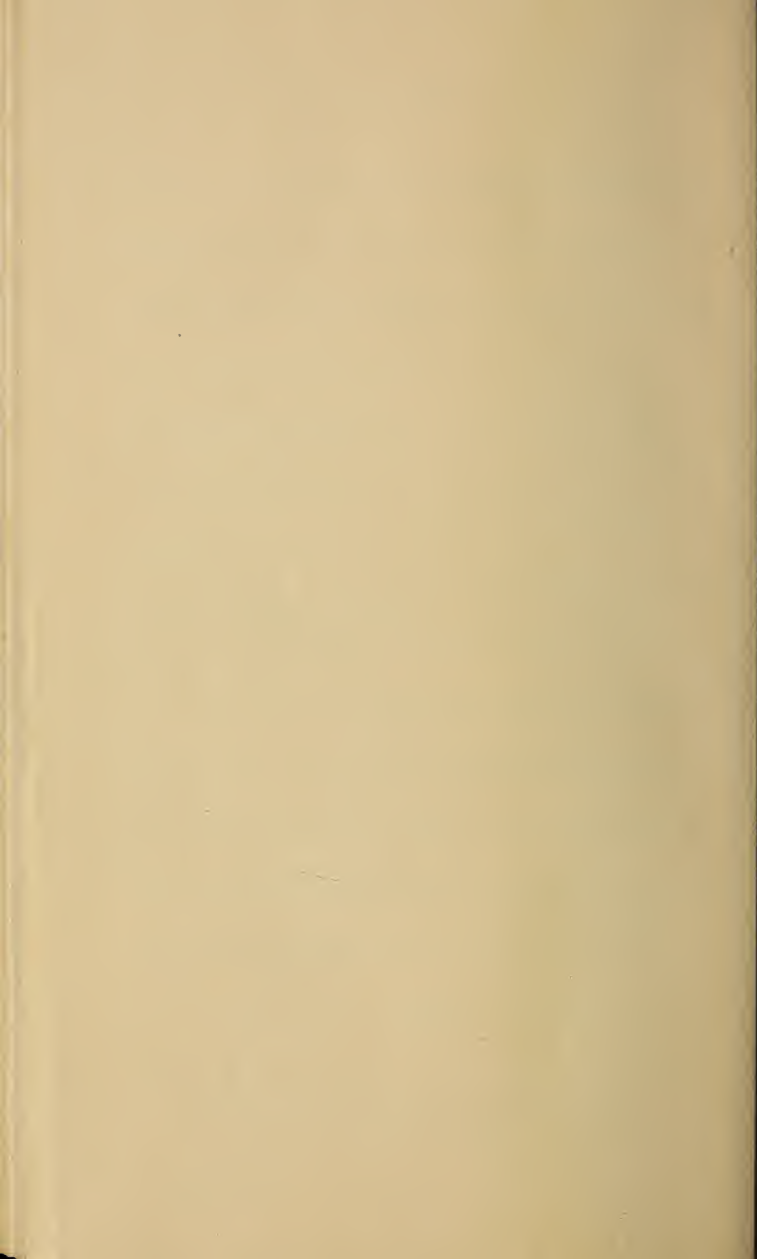
Fain would I sleep—fain from my sorrows flee—
 My sire! in sleep thy wat'ry grave I see!
 Yet let me look beyond life's passing cloud,
 And pierce the curtains which my father shroud;
 In ev'ry ill of life adore the God
 Who gives—in mercy gives—a chast'ning rod;
 And when from duty's paths awhile they roam
 He brings, by awful means, his children home:
 And tho' at eventide I drop the tear
 Of filial love and gratitude sincere,
 Yet, may the pray'r of faith, to heav'n ascend,
 And guardian angels consolation send!
 My sire, I whisper, if thy mild blue eye
 Now on thy pensive child be glancing nigh,
 Thou know'st, alas! that 'tis for thee, she mourns,
 And for a parting blessing fondly yearns.

Oft-times thy smile seems beaming in her sight,
 And oft she sees thy hair, so silv'ry white ;
 While from thine eye, so fraught with love,
 descends
 A father's hallow'd tear—in awe she bends
 The trembling knee, and wrapt attention lends ;
 Listens to sounds of comfort, words of peace,
 Which bid for thee, all selfish sorrows cease.
 Yes! thou art blessed ; stay, my sire, above,
 But guard thy Mariann with paternal love !
 Be thy blest spirit near, to guide her hence
 To realms of light, of peace, and innocence ;
 And thus, Emanuel, guide us all to thee,
 And let hosannahs sound thro' all eternity !

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